

*Isa.* Do you, Don Gomez, believe in the existence of a world of spirits?

*Don. G.* I accept what the Church says.

*Isa.* But have you ever seen an ambassador from that unknown world?

*Don G.* Certainly not. By faith we look forward to it.

*Isa.* Even so by faith does the Genoese look forward, far over the misty ocean, to an undiscovered shore.

*Col.* Your majesty is right; but let it be added that I have reasons—oh, most potent and resistless reasons—for the faith that is in me: the testimony of many navigators who have picked up articles that must have drifted from this distant coast; the nature of things, admitting that the earth is round; the reports current among the people of one of the northern nations, that many years ago their mariners had sailed many leagues westward till they reached a shore where the grape grew abundantly; these and other considerations have made it (next to faith in my Saviour) the fixed persuasion of my mind that there is a great discovery reserved for the man who will sail patiently westward, trusting in God's good providence, and turning not back till he has achieved his purpose.

*Don G.* Then truly we should never hear of him again. Speculation! mere speculation, your majesty! When this gentleman can bring forward some solid facts that will induce us plain, matter-of-fact men, to risk money in forwarding his enterprise, it will then be time enough for royalty to give it heed. Why, your majesty, the very boys in the street point at their foreheads as he passes along.

*Isa.* And do you bring forward the frivolity of boys, jeering at what they do not comprehend, as an argument why Isabella should not give heed to this great and glorious scheme—ay, sir, though it should fail, still great and glorious—urged in language so intelligent and convincing, by this grave and earnest man, whom you think to undervalue by calling him an adventurer? Know, Don Gomez, that